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An Old Soldier's Reminiscences.

What a wonderful difference there is in the mode of traveling to-day and that of fifteen years ago, when I made my first trip overland from Wallace, Kansas, then the terminus of the railroad to Southern New Mexico. Then we traveled by a rickety old coach, drawn by the remains of what were once known as horses and the exceedingly low rate of twenty-five cents per mile for passengers and fifteen cents per pound for all baggage exceeding sixty pounds, made travel not only popular, but desirable to those who owned an assortment of gold and silver mines, or had just successfully robbed a bank.

It took about two weeks of travel night and day to go from St. Louis to Fort Bayard, N. M., and the inconveniences and annoyance one suffered during this period, while trying to punch nodes through the top of the old coach with one's head every time a vicious wagon rut or mud hole was struck, was something to try any man's fortitude, and pay smash with the stock of piety on hand when leaving home. You might have left St. Louis a first-class saint, but when you arrived at Pinos Altos you would search the dictionary for the hardest cuss words to do justice to your feelings.

I arrived at Fort Bayard N. M., in February, 1870. The fort was then an insignificant looking place of defense, considering the fact that it was right in the heart of the Indian country, where robberies and murders by those red Apache devils were almost of daily occurence. The red skins used to make their raids right under the noses of the military authorities. The fort was then composed of small log shanties scattered promiscuously, and built in any shape that happened to suggest itself to the builder's fancy. About 200 men composed the garrison.

It was there I saw my first truly good Indian. He was one of the few one could not only recommend to a person of a timid or nervous nature. He was a very desirable Indian to have about the house, in case your testes run in that direction. The soldier boys who had seen him immediately previous to his sudden and permanent conversion, claimed that he was blood thirsty and merciless, but the boys had a way of persuading him to renounce his wicked ways that he seemed unable to resist, so they brought him in state to the fort in an old camp kettle,—that is they brought in his head—generously allowing the native coyote to have a midnight barbecue on the rest of this noble red man's system. There is one thing about this camp kettle process of converting Indians that can always be relied on; the converts never back slides. Missionaries to Albuquerque, Santa Fe and other Territorial towns will please make a note of this.

The Fort Bayard of to-day is a beautiful military post, and next to Fort Union, it is the largest in the Territory but the blue coats stationed there now are more fortunate than were the boys who "held the fort" some fifteen years ago. Mail escorts, scouting parties, hurried night marches after marauding Indians are things of the past, the country around Bayard being so thickly settled, with several railroads at its very door, the Indians have vanished to some more congenial clime.

Of the citizens who resided at or near Fort Bayard, who have since become prominent and wealthy, I may mention Mr. M. W. Bremen, and John A. Miller, Senator from Grant county. Bremen used to run a saw mill near the Fort, and if ever a man had good grounds to get discouraged and commit suicide, Bremen was that man. No sooner would he get his mill in good shape for work, when the Indians would give him a friendly call, run off his stock, kill one of his Mexican hands occasionally, and permit him to escape only because he happened to be better mounted than they.

I remember how Bremen used to come tearing up to headquarters and report Indians at his mill. Then "boot and saddles" would be sounded and in less than twenty minutes Capt. Kelly at the head of his troopers would be hot on the Indian trail; but the Indians generally had a five hours' start, hence the bellicose old trooper never met them, much to his and his troopers' disgust, for Kelly and his troops had won fame in many an Indian fight in Arizona while serving under General Crook, when that official was warming up old Cochise's jacket. Any other man would have succomed to the adverse circumstances that seemed to be in store for him, but Bremen had pluck and enterprise and that in the end brought him fame and fortune. He is now the richest man in Grant county.

Senator Miller in those days was an Army Sutler, at which business he obtained his first start as a capitalist. He has quit that business now. Lucky mining speculations have made him a rich man. Just now he is mentioned as a probable candidate for delegate to congress, and he will if nominated stand an excellent chance of election. Mr. Miller is also a soldier of the late war, and 1872 was the first to organize a grand army post at Ft. Bayard.

Silver City, the prettiest little city in New Mexico, was then not even dreamed of Pinos Altos, eight miles Southwest of Bayard, was the county seat, as well as the mining and business center. The mines about Pinos Altos were "placer" and yielded good returns. The famous "76" mine was not discovered then, in fact, ere one knew that mineral could be found where Silver City now stands. The discovery of silver in that camp was purely accidental.

Law and order was a thing remembered only as existing somewhere up in "God's country," as the States were termed. A man could shoot another, and probably not get arrested even, but the scallowag who disgraced himself by stealing a horse, was given short shrift if caught. Lawyers were unknown at Pinos Altos. Every man was his own lawyer, and his trusty six shooter was about the best law he knew of, or cared to invest in. Legal quibbles, or nice points of order were ruled out, a word or two, the sudden report of a pistol, the dropping of a human body limp and lifeless, and the case was settled in favor of the man who proved himself the most proficient in handling his pistol. All this is changed, however. To use an old-timer's words, "they have got to be so derned tony up at Silver City that they actually hang folks up there now;" and they do, for from August, 1880, to April, 1881, four murderers were executed in Silver City, one of them being the notorious Boy Young, who, with the assistance of his victim's wife, killed an old German, in order to get undisturbed possession of his mining property, and his model wife. Last year three murderers were sentenced to be hung, but a vigilance committee, so I am told, took the job off the sheriff's hands.—Bippus in Springer Stockman.

A Circus Incident in Arkansas.

Several nights ago, at a circus performance in Arkansaw, the conventional drunken man who goes into the ring and wants to ride the "hoss," played his part a trifle finer than he intended. Sitting near the ring where a couple of men from "a way over the creek." They were perfectly wrapped up in the entertainment, and were very much annoyed when the drunken fellow interrupted the performance.

"I want you to go away," the ringmaster said. "You are interrupting our show."

"Wanter ride that hoss."

"You can't ride. You are too drunk."

"Wanter ride that hoss."

"Here," said the clown, assuming a serious air, "I want you to leave here."

"Wanter ride that hoss."

"It's as much as you can do to walk, and you can't ride that spirited animal. We paid for the privilege of showing here, and intend to give a good show, but if you keep on interrupting us we can't do anything."

"He's the blamedest fool I ever saw," said one of the men from away over the creek.

"Yes," his companion replied, "and if he keeps on prozickin' 'round here, I'll show him that I spent my money to see this show, an' I don't wan'ter be cheated outen my rights by a drunken fool. We can see drunken fellers every day, but a show's a show, lemme tell you."

The drunken man fell in front of the horse, and came in one of being run over. The clown seized him and threw him from the ring. He started to go back, when one of the creek men jumped up and said:

"No, I'll be blamed if you go back."

The audience thought it was a part of the trick and roared, and the creek man, thinking that his course had received the approval of the crowd, was much encouraged.

"Git away," said the old joker, in an undertone, "this is a part of the show."

"Yes, an' it will be a mighty sorry part for you if you don't git outen here."

"Look out!" and the old joker tried to shove the creek man aside. This was more than the other countryman could endure, and, springing up, struck the perpetrator of outrageous mirth, and his companion seized him and began to drag him out. The clown and ring-master rushed out and tried to rescue his friend, and the man from over the creek had already stood too much.

The ring-master was knocked down with the heavy end of his own whip, and then the audience saw that the performance was business-like and practical. A number of actors rushed to the conflict, and a party of crossroads boys reinforced the men from over the creek. The special constables joined the fray, and after awhile the entire circus outfit, with its tattered canvass and blood-stained men looked as melancholy as the shank end of a day when a note falls due. It is not often that in old and well-seasoned joke causes trouble, and the circus manager, tattered and torn as he is, is searching the clown annals of the twilight ages in a hope that he may find a trick old enough for the public.—[Arkansaw Traveler.

A Confederate Parson.

Among the first confederate troops that went out from Arkansas was Parson Geesmore who enlisted as a chaplain. He was a devout christain, and his prayers were regarded by the men as utterances from a higher power. Just before the battle of Jenkins' Ferry the old man in a sermon said:

"My dear boys I have decided to go into the next fight with you. I don't think that a man can properly preach about the evils and sensations of war unless he has experienced the feeling of going into battle. Now, the next fight in which we shall engage shall have me numbered among its participants."

The old gentleman rode a large gray horse, and, when preparations for the battle of Jenkens' ferry were being made, he appeared on his snowy charger. Some of the officers begged him to keep out of danger, but with an expression of heroism he replied that he would engage in the battle. The first artillery fire from the enemy shot the horse from under the old gentleman, and by the time he had got himself on his feet a bullet came along and took off one of his fingers. He attempted to be calm, but just then a ball carried away his right thumb, and wheeling around, the old man struck a determined trot for the rear.

"Hold on, parson!" called some one.

"Hold on the d—l!" he replied. "Ask a man to hold on when the whole infernal universe is shooting at him. Take care of your body and the Lord will take care of your soul.—Arkansaw Traveler.

"Toasted" Men.

Mrs. Dunaway, editor of the New Northwest, at a literary gathering in Salem, Oregon, "toasted" the men as follows: "God bless 'em! they halve our joys, they double our sorrows, they treble our expenses, they quadruple our cares, they excite our magnanimity, they increase our self-respect, they awake our enthusiasm, they arouse our affections, they control our property and out-maneuver us in everything. This would be a dreary world without 'em. In fact, I may say, without prospect of successful contradiction, that without 'em it would not be much of a world anyhow. We love 'em, and the dear beings can't help it; we control 'em, and the precious fellows don't know it. As husbands they are always convenient, though not always on hand; as beaux they are by no means 'matchless.' They are most agreeable visitors; they are handy at state fairs, and indispensable at oyster suppers. They are splendid as escorts for some other fellow's wife or sister, and as friends they are better than women. As fathers they are inexpressibly grand. A man may be a failure in business, a wreck in constitution, not enough to boast of as a beauty, nothing as a wit, less than nothing as a legislator of woman's rights, and even not very brilliant as a member of the press; but if he is our father we overlook his shortcomings, and cover peccadilloes with the divine mantle of charity."

Helping the Editor Out.

A clerical looking gentleman entered an Austin newspaper office yesterday, and drawing out a concealed document, said to the editor:

"I am soliciting for a high-toned gentleman of refinement and intelligence. He is sadly in need of money, but he is too proud to let the public know it."

"You don't say so!" said the editor with animation.

"I am hopeful of securing quite a handsome little sum."

"You say this fortunate man is very intelligent, highly cultivated, and all that sort of thing?"

"That's just the kind of a man he is."

"And too proud to beg."

The minister nodded.

"My dear friend, I appreciate your delicacy. You have described my condition precisely, but I had no idea I had enlisted your sympathy so strongly that you would take up a collection. It's all right. Just as soon as you get ten or fifteen dollars together, bring it in to me, and I'll give you a receipt for it. God bless you, my noble friend," and he gently pushed the visitor, who expected to tap the editor for a dollar, out into the street, where he, after gazing around in a dazed sort of a way, kept on in his mission of mercy.

"One good turn deserves another," remarked the editor, as he resumed his seat. "That man came to help me out, and I helped him out."—Texas Siftings.

Scandal.

What is scandal? A charge that you cannot reply to. Not reply to? No. If you attempt to reply you are no better off. You might as well, even better, have left the charge alone. What, then, can you do if a man makes a false and infamous charge that reflects seriously upon your character? Well, it is evident that the courts of law, even when most honorably conducted, afford no relief. They can say that you are innocent, that your slanderer is a perjured liar, that he must be fined and punished. But the lie he told still circulates. No honest man believes it, but it travels. The slanderer knows his power. He knows that his malicious, malignant and infamous lie has the wings of the devil himself and that it will travel. Is there, then no remedy in civilized society against the wretch who wilfully and maliciously bears false witness against his neighbor? None whatever. Suppose he attempts to stain the name of his wife or mother, daughter or sister? You have no remedy. The scoundrel can scatter his poison. You are helpless.—From Web Wilders Paper.

A Startled Community.

Excitement prevails in the vicinity of number four colliery of the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western railroad, situated at Poke Hollow, caused by the sinking of the earth's surface there a few days ago, and a further drop later. The people are terror stricken, and are abandoning their houses as quickly as possible. This morning while the miners were at breakfast they were startled by a loud report and the shaking of the ground as if by an earthquake. Immediately the foundations of the houses began to crumble away, and the dwellings themselves turned over, causing the inmates to rush precipitately from their homes and seek places of safety. For over a distance of two miles every dwelling house situated above the treacherous ground is liable to fall into the mine, six hundred feet below. The bottoms of the wells dropped out, and the place is threatened with water famine. Fortunately no lives were lost, but many were injured.

A Murderer Lynched.

On the 24th ult. at Vincennes, Ind., 12:30 at night a mob of about fifty people went to the jail, battered down the door with a rail taken from the track, took Oliver Canfield, who murdered Mrs. Mollie Gherkin some time ago, and hanged him to a telegraph pole. The mob was quiet but determined. The sheriff was at the jail, but was overpowered, and no resistance was made. The murder was an atrocious one, Canfield killing the woman from jealousy.